

It Was Waiting Without Waiting



It was waiting
without waiting.

Not for you.
Not for anyone.

It didn't hold
its shape
on purpose.

It didn't stay
for attention.

And still—

when you looked,

it was there
as if
it had been
the whole time.

Not placed.
Not arranged.

Just...
ready
to be seen.



Not waiting—
but there when you arrived.